



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

One Day as a Mage



👁 211 ✓ 34 ★ 29

Chapter 1 by Gyro

I got out of my levitating rune bed thinking of what kind of potions I should make today. Maybe stamina or a lava resistance potion I thought. I walked out my self opening door and I heard a strange sound coming from my potion room.

Chapter 2 by Hydinn



A cold shiver made its way down the back of my neck as I slowly entered the room. Snarling and growling could be heard echoing down the corridors of my manor. I placed my hand on the frame of the door and quickly turned the corner, magic bolt ready in hand in case things turned nasty.

Wolf's Bane hanging out of its mouth, an imp sat on the floor consuming ingredients left and right, seemingly careless about the effects.

"Bjon, what are you doing?" The imp looked up and smiled innocently as if he had done nothing wrong.

"I thought we had went over this. You can't just go around eating everything in sight"

With the dangers out of the way, I went to my potion room and head towards the library.

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

Chapter 3 by HarlanDer



I tapped the fingertips of my hands together in the secret sequence that would unlock my library door. A wizard's power is in their knowledge, which makes a library a wizard's arsenal. Only my most trusted allies would ever set foot in here, and then, only rarely.

As the door swung closed behind me, I pondered the commissions I had received. A hundred potions of stamina to bolster the endurance of Emperor Azaphrel IV's legendary White Ivory Knights. They'd surely be sent out to crush the enemies of the Empire's cruel state religion, but I liked to think of myself above petty politics, and prided myself on working for the highest bidder. But a stamina potion is a solved problem, little challenge at all.

The other was a compound of heat resistance to be mixed into the mortar of construction. The Swallowtail Consortium had some crazed plot to build a series of subterranean channels to carry red-hot magma directly beneath their trade fortress in the South. Magma-fuelled forges could run for days without fuel, and that was the least ambitious use that these channels could be put to. A technique to protect materials against such intense heat was a much more interesting proposition. I considered my collection of books. Perhaps Cerileth the Blue's work on underground fires, *The Blood of the Earth* would have some clues..

Chapter 4 by Phantim



Or not... I slam the book shut. Time for the backup plan. I head down into the cellar and open up a small box of chalk. I grab the largest piece and begin to draw the intricate binding circle on the ground. After a few minutes it is complete. I stand up and admire it.

"Ahem... Magic forces... Black and White... Reaching out through space and Light... Be he far or be he near... bring the Demon Drafus here!" I command. I feel the air get warm then very hot. Soon flames erupt from the center of the pentagram like design and I see within in them Drafus the Flametongue.

"Spare me the 'Who summoned me' stuff Drafus. I am working on a spell and I need your knowledge of flame and fire. Rather, how to make metal contain and resist high levels of heat." I explain.

See more of Story Wars

"Fine wizard! Spoil my fun, I expect!" Drafus says, his eyes glowing red. "To resisting flame... There are a few spells, and several materials. I've heard of a red glowing red dragon scales and mixing them with a bit of magic." the demon says.

Login

or

Create new account

Chapter 5 by Sum1OnSteam

"Thank you sir, I shall pay you as soon as possible." I guaranteed.

"Indeed you shall." Drafus stated.

As the fire that brought him here again consumed him and extinguished, I cleaned up the circle and began searching for the dragon scales in my potion room.

Sadly, Bjon ate them. Guess I must kill another dragon.

Chapter 6 by Harlander

Red dragons were among the stupidest of their kind. All it would take to get their attention would be a suitable bait. I had just the bait in mind.

"Bjon... come here a moment, would you?"

Later, I stood on a hilltop overlooking the glade where I'd set my trap. I'd turned Bjon into a particularly juicy-looking sheep and tied him to a tree within the dragon's territory. All I had to do now was wait.

An hour or two later, I heard the dragon's hunting roar. The trees bordering the glade bent and rustled, then the scaly beast burst into the clearing. Bjon tried to run, but just ended up winding the rope tighter and tighter. I flicked my fingers, severing the rope from afar. Bjon might be an annoyance, but I didn't actually want him to be dragon lunch.

The dragon stomped across the glade, flame snorting from its nostrils. It crossed the centre of the sward, and I sprung the trap.

The invisible pentagram I'd carved into the grass suddenly glowed with a mystic blue light. Lightning sprang from the points of the star, crackling as it struck the dragon.

Now came the fun part. I drew my sword from its sheath and leapt into the air, a great arc that carried me right above the struggle.

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 7 by Harlander

Login

or

Create new account



It's not considered cool for a mage to get their hands dirty like this, but fighting monsters hand-to-hand was a guilty pleasure for me. I yelled a wordless battle-cry as I plunged towards the dragon, my sword held out like a spike to plunge into its flesh. I'd have to strike true. My spell wouldn't keep the beast trapped for long, and once it was free, it was more than a match for me.

Moments before my sword would plunge into the base of its skull, the dragon wrenched its mighty neck. My sword met nothing but air, and I fell to the ground, the impact jarring my bones.

With a bellow of triumph, the dragon wrenched itself free from the chains of lightning I'd woven around it. Its feet shook the ground once more as it turned its baleful gaze upon me.

I muttered my most potent shielding spell as its mouth opened and sparks flashed from its giant fangs. I was only just in time. I felt the blast of heat as the dragon's fire buffeted the invisible shield inches from my face - and I saw it. There, buried in the flesh at the back of the dragon's throat - the phlogistone. The gem that gave the spark that birthed all of a dragon's fire. I stretched my hand forward, ring finger pointing at the stone, and uttered the ancient word of power. "Shatter."

The gem burst asunder, and the dragon let out a shriek of pain, its flames vanishing. Its long neck writhed around in disorder, no longer able to concentrate on its enemy.

I stepped forward, neatly dodging each deadly swoop of its head, and sliced through its neck in a single clean stroke.

Chapter 8 by Matthew Wright



Breathing hard, I grabbed the head and considered it. Once, a long time ago, I heard of a spell that could, if done right, could bring a dragon's head to life and it would endlessly spew helpful advice to it's owner. It would be full of wisdom and knowledge and, when its owner died, would die also.

However, gazing at the severed head with it's tongue lolling about, I decided that I would stick

to dragons and books

See more of Story Wars

Suddenly, the crackle of dragon fire started me to the fact that Bjorn was coming up behind me. I tried to turn, but he was already there, his hand on my shoulder, his voice a low growl. "Don't do that. You're scaring the dragons. They're not used to being that way but,

Login

or

Create new account

sadly, the Ancient Law stated that no one could keep anyone under a spell unless the said person was attacking them. I turned him back into the annoying imp that he was.

Write a comment...

[About](#)[Rooms](#)[Feedback](#)

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)